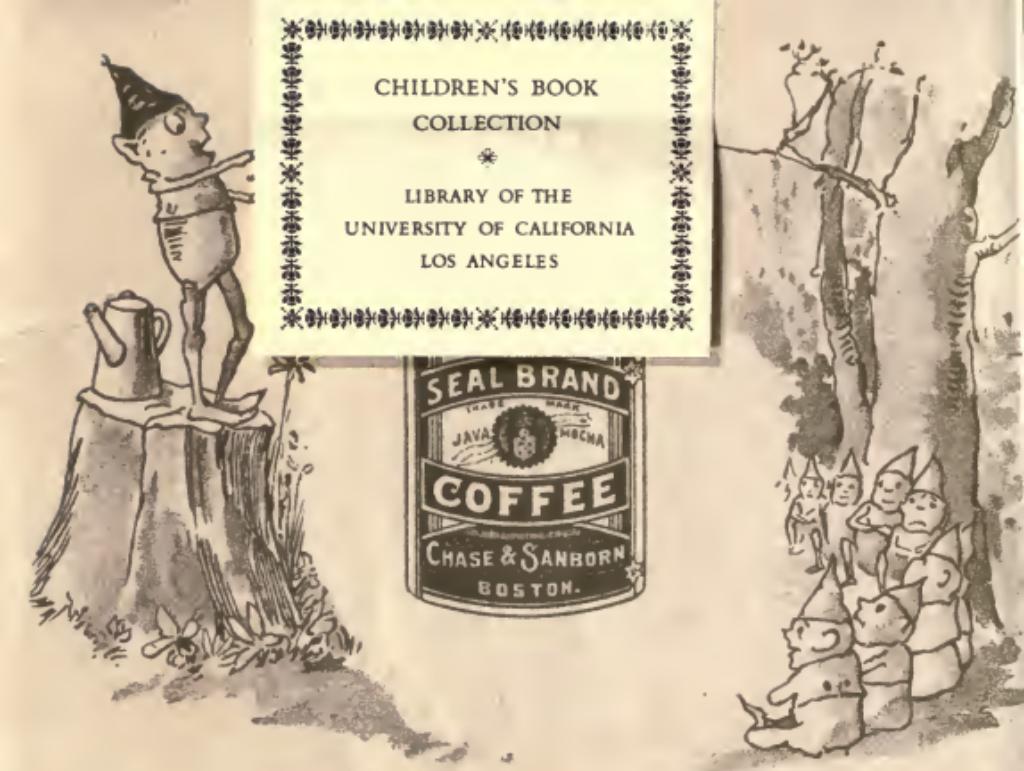


HISTORY OF A COFFEE BEAN

Compliments of
Chase & Sanborn



CHILDREN'S BOOK

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One evening in summer, just when I can't tell,
A meeting of Brownies was held in the dell;
The dell that lies close in the bend of the brook,
By Brownie-folks claimed as their favorite nook.
They met, it was said, for devising a way

By which they might start, without further delay
On a venture some journey, to countries remote,
Involving much travel by railway and boat.
Their object it seems was to find if they could,
The land where the coffee is wondrously good;
So good that no other comes anywhere near
Its fragrant perfection - or offers such cheer.





When the meeting adjourned at eleven o'clock,
And the chairman retired from his stand on the rock
Their plans were matured and, inside of a week,
They started their wonderful coffee to seek.
They journeyed by land and they journeyed by sea,
And kept their eyes open as wide as could be
Lest, somehow, they'd miss what they wanted to find,
And stupidly leave their choice coffee behind.
They sampled all kinds, now here and now there,
But nothing would answer they'd gravely declare,
Then push on ahead, through adventures galore,
Till one day they reached a most beautiful shore.



To JAVA





The Island of Java! Through all their mishaps
They had clung to their guide books and compass and maps
And thus were enabled, with scarcely a wait,
To locate the spot and to thank the kind fate,
That sent them to Java,-for here they soon found,
The choicest of coffee trees growing around.
Then some frolicked madly and threw up their caps,
While others stretched out for the briefest of naps,
And some gathered berries and split them in two.
Removing the beans, as is proper to do:
And one built a fire, beneath a flat stone,
Another went off after water, alone-











Then the beans were soon roasted to just the right shade,
And while their warm fragrance hung over the glade.
The Brownies stood waiting with smiles of delight,
And sniffed the rich odor with all of their might.
And then after roasting, the beans were well ground,
The coffee was made and they all gathered 'round
To taste and decide, if they possibly could,
How high in the ranks of good coffee it stood.





They tasted and tasted and tasted once more,
Then suddenly joined in an earsplitting roar,
Of joy and surprise and unqualified praise
(A noise you'd recall to the end of your days).
We've found it," they cried, "The Best Coffee on Earth!
"Hoorah and Hooray! such coffee is worth—"
Its weight in pure gold— Come! give us the rest!"
And they emptied their cups with remarkable zest.





Then a Brownie arose with a serious air,
And said to the others "I solemnly swear
I have tasted this coffee somewhere - I can't say -
But its taste is familiar - keep quiet I pray,
And I'll give you its name - He paused for a while
Then suddenly spoke, with the cheerfullest smile,
Declaring their wonderful coffee to be
The same he had tasted once, over the sea;
A coffee whose flavor he couldn't forget,
Whose like, until now, he had surely not met.
"The Seal Brand 'twas called and put up in the Hub,
By a firm - Chase & Sanborn. He paused here to rub
His hands in delight at the memory sweet
While all of the others arose to their feet
And shouted together (their caps tossed & twirled,) "
"The Seal Brand forever! The best in the world!"



-Finest Grown-

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